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NEWBERRY SPEAKS.

Even the powerful partisan and social lobby at Washington was not strong enough to force down the throats of independent republican senators the task of voting to seat a silent Newberry.

For the first time, he has denied his participation in the lavish use of money used to purchase a seat in the senate by striking at the foundation of government, the people themselves.

Three months ago it was arrogantly proclaimed by the conservative republican group that Newberry would not plead his own case in the senate but would rest his cause upon the defense made under the leadership of Sen. Watson of this state, who was reported as strongly advising against any utterance.

Then the senators began to hear from the people at home, the great mass of voters who refuse to stand for debauchery of the ballot or an unexplained violation of laws designed to prevent undue expense in elections.

That protest came from the west, where the senators who vote with the party of Newberry show an independent attitude and who refuse to permit their party loyalty to cloud their reverence for the sanctity of law and of the ballot.

So Mr. Newberry, under pressure, arose in the senate and read a carefully prepared denial. At the start he announced that he would answer no question which his colleagues might ask, that he would permit no query as to the agitating mass of evidence gathered against him.

He took no chance of being called to explain the drawing of over a quarter of a million dollars from a bank account on which he and his brother both signed checks. He simply said he did not know that the money was being spent. The withdrawal of so huge a sum did not, apparently, excite his curiosity. He showed a sublime faith in the wisdom of his brother.

The purpose of the speech was to give a basis for faltering members to vote for him and to go back to tell their constituents that Newberry had denied his guilt.

The lines on Newberry are closely drawn. The facts accuse. He refuses to permit a single question. He does not bare his breast to his accusers and invite the closest scrutiny of his words. He has obeyed the voice of the masters of his crowd who have promised to furnish the votes to keep him in his seat.

It is not a pleasant episode nor a pleasing spectacle. The state of Michigan must feel proud of its notoriety and its bad eminence.

However, something has been gained. There was public sentiment enough to force Newberry away from his defiance of all decency and to open his lips at last—even though his denial be promptly branded by one of the investigating senators as "false as hell."

That, at least, is more desirable than for the senate to boldly proclaim that seats in its body may be obtained by the man with sufficient money to corral the votes and to forever warn men of moderate means that they need not attempt to expect such honors.

THE MODERN MIRACLE.

What is the greatest of modern miracles?

Before you write your list of the great forces which have come from the brain of man, the gigantic achievements whose sum spell civilization, consider the claims of the modern city.

New York, a city of millions, announces a system of lights whereby all traffic on the streets will be regulated by a single button.

Lights will flash on all corners, giving the right of way for stated periods to north and south bound traffic. The signal change and all east and west traffic takes its turn.

A century ago, the very spot where these lights flash was a wilderness, sunken marshes, untitled lands.

Soon other cities will adopt the same system, as human beings become more closely crowded in other cities and learn how to live together without confusion or chaos.

The gigantic pyramids have been the wonder of civilized life only because of their gigantic size and workmanship. The secret of their building is not definitely known.

Tourists journey to Rome to stand in awe before the crumbling ruins of the gigantic Coliseum which was once the glory of men who filled its ranking tiers and shouted their plaudits at human beings who fought with lions and who died that the populace might thrill with excitement.

The modern skyscraper possesses more of wonder than either the pyramids or the remnants of the lost glory of the Caesars.

The flashing lights on the streets of the metropolis mark just another step in the greatest victory of man—the victory over his primitive passions and a triumph over the enforced intricacies of the new order.

BOTTLED IN BOND.

How much bottled-in-bond whiskey remains stored in warehouses throughout the country? About 28,000,000 gallons, answers Millard F. West, deputy commissioner of internal revenue.

Rum bounds will figure out that this is 2,422,000,000 drinks or 23 for every man, woman and child in America.

It seems a lot.
But warehouse stocks of whiskey 18 months ago were 50,000,000 gallons, compared with 38,000,000 gallons now.

The complete exit of John Barleycorn, except on doctor's prescriptions, is just a matter of arithmetic. In a very few years pure whiskey, sold outside the law, will be worth \$100 a quart. There'll be plenty of fools who'll pay that.

Pure aged whiskey near extinction. Poison circulates in its place. Interesting days for the student of criminology.

You read that the mortality among prohibition enforcement officials along the Mexican border is higher than among the American fighting forces that saw action in France.

Liquor officials, watching for smugglers from Canada, at Rouse's Point, N. Y., report nonchalantly that pistol battles with rum-runners are almost

every-day occurrences. "Most, if not all, of the bootleggers carry automatic pistols."

Rich men's cellar stocks are looted. So are bonded warehouses. Forgers turn out false withdrawal permits. Counterfeiters duplicate internal revenue stamps by the hundreds of thousands. The bootleg traffic has attracted to it an unprecedented organization of dangerous criminals.

The spasm of crime, accompanying the bootleg traffic, does not mean that prohibition is going to be a farce or a failure in the long run.

John Barleycorn is like a vicious maniac who writhes violently for some time after he gets into the strait-jacket.

The net will tighten, in time. State legislatures may have to amend laws, make it a death penalty to sell wood alcohol and other poisons disguised as drinkables.

What prohibition needs most is realization by all citizens that, when they buy liquor illicitly, they are aiding and abetting a super-criminal organization. The guiltiest party is the one who supports it by buying.

WHEN REGULARITY ENDS.

Something of a shudder passed over the Old Guard when, fate and the rules which have kept it so securely in power for several decades, with a brief intermission, places Sen. McCumber at the head of the powerful finance committee.

Not daring to break the rules established by party leaders for the protection of their favorite friends, the chairmanship was given to this member from North Dakota who was shown the most progressive of leanings and who is a near chief of that much hated and much feared organization known as the farmers' bloc.

The senate is a peculiar body which prides itself on being the last bulwark of conservatism, the final defense against anything new.

As a matter of fact its conservatism is bred by a desire to serve the financial interests which want special legislation. The rules of the body automatically give chairmanships to the senior member when death removes the chairman, for the committees have been so framed that the older members in point of service, coming from the home of the Old Guard, have controlled the important committees.

The death of Sen. Penrose places in power this man from North Dakota, who hobnobs with the farmers bloc and flirts, at least, with the Non-Partisan league in his state.

The worst, from the standpoint of the conservatives, is yet to come for LaFollette is on his way towards the head of the second most important committee.

The news dispatches indicate very strongly that the plea for party regularity does not apply to those who would "save the nation" from the western invasion and the menace of LaFollette and there is already on foot within the ranks of his own party, a movement to assassinate, politically, LaFollette the coming fall.

He has always remained regular from a party standpoint, although he has held views for which he has fought and which were the direct opposite of his party platform.

As one means of breaking down the influence of the farmers' group in congress, which now assumes even greater power with the advancement of McCumber, it is quite probable that this senator will very shortly be told that he is much too valuable for a mere seat in the senate and a cabinet job, a federal judgeship or a fancy foreign post will be dangled before his eyes in order to get rid of him.

Whenever party regularity interferes with its own purposes, count on the Old Guard to find some way to betray their own party.

The change in influence at Washington is interesting to Indiana for the reason that one of its senators, Watson, is the chief manipulator of the same Old Guard and the other, New, has always been safely under its control.

TWO CHILDREN.

A Nebraska mother, pinched by poverty, offers her seventh child at auction, the bidding to take the form of giving it to the person who can give it the best home.

Down in New York, the child of a multi-millionaire lies very near to death, the victim of too much food, placed at his disposal by the small army of nurses who could not withstand his pleas.

Should a visitor come from Mars and couple these two bits of news, from a single edition of a daily paper, he might wonder upon the basis of a claim that this is a civilized land.

The misfortune of the little ragged stranger in the home of the poor mother who chokes back her maternal love in an endeavor to save the child from privation is hardly less poignant than the suffering of this babe of the over-rich who is being poisoned by too much.

The offer of the Nebraska mother will probably be the signal for another crusade by that organization composed largely of single women, who would curb by law the number of children which may come to a single home and limit that number to the financial status of the parents.

The fate of the rich child will be pointed to by the advanced radicals as a failure of wealth and the entire capitalist system.

Both will be equally foolish and short-sighted. A more sensible warning, if there be a warning, might take the course of recognizing all children as real assets of society, as much its care in the days of their infancy as they become at a draft age in war times, to be cared for if necessary by aiding helpless mothers in the dark days of poverty and by teaching ignorant, though rich, mothers the necessity of proper care.

Children are too precious to be auctioned or poisoned.

Stars tell the future and movie stars tell the past.

Sitting tight is fine; but when a man is tight he won't sit.

A St. Louis man chopped up his furniture with an ax. Try this on your neighbor's piano.

Professor says troubles are cured by talking. What cures talking?

Congress used 12,862,800 words last session. Placed end to end they would reach around the world 10 times and back to where they started.

Other Editors Than Ours

BACK (Denver Express).
The mouth organ is coming back. Large heaps of them are displayed in music store windows. The fad will probably take strong hold, for the college boys have taken it up.

Historians will chuckle at this and say: "History repeats. Everything runs in cycles. All things come back."

The return of the mouth organ may mean we are another step away from the jazz band. When people show a craving to express themselves individually through music, harmony is returning. Jazz is mob-inanity music, never individual.



Our idea of 100 per cent inactivity is Doc Butler romping around through traffic downtown in his big Ford coupe.

You can always depend upon the staff of your favorite newspaper, The News-Times to be raising something. Some of the members raise funds for various purposes. Some of them raise Cain, and others occasionally raise both funds and Cain. Just now our Mishawaka colleagues are busily engaged in raising money to buy a Ford coupe for the Red Cross. If you are interested, just mail your check to W. E. Wallace, our Mishawaka manager.

Mr. Wallace is the man, who came so near being chief of police in Mishawaka. They tell us, just simply a "yes" from Mayor Bill Dodge would have put him in the office.

MODERN CELEBRATIONS.

The tendency nowadays is to observe some sort of a week for every one of the 52 throughout the entire year, and we are here to tell you that this is a mighty fine scheme. They have a Go To Church Week, then there's a Go To Theater Week, then along comes Thrift Week, Hot-point Week, Bluepoint Week, and dozens of other kinds of weeks—57 varieties of them all told. To encourage people to buy, to stir them up to better things, to educate them, to make them more healthy, make them fatter and make them thinner, we have special celebrations every week.

We believe these special weeks are a good thing, as they give us something to look forward to in life, but do you think they go far enough? We repeat, do you think they go far enough, that we have enough weeks to completely cover everything?

For instance, why wouldn't it be a good plan for Mr. Volstead to celebrate a Dago Red week every year? Once each year, according to this plan, the government would permit the taxpayers to ply themselves with red ink, made from the lucious grape. The bars would be let down for the time being, and the week would be celebrated with great hilarity. Then after Dago Red week had passed, other weeks could be devised for the joy and pleasure of all who survived.

Another fine idea would be to have a Phoney Check Week. Of course, there are a lot of louts already who celebrate this event the year around, but this would be centering attention on one week only and everybody could have a good time. Just think

of the fun of going into the Oliver hotel and asking everybody in the lobby to come in and have dinner with you; then after it had been served and you had eaten a little of everything in the place, you summon your waiter with elaborate ceremony and tender him a check, worth nothing except to somebody who wanted to take the trouble to salvage the dried ink and the paper the check was written on, and then sail grandly out of the dining room, the object of all eyes. Yes, we are strongly in favor of Phoney Check Week. It can't come too soon to suit us.

Steal-An-Auto Week is another seven day celebration, which could be pulled at most anytime during the year, and would furnish 100 per cent enjoyment and recreation to a worried populace, worn out by war, the income tax and the bootleggers. Of course the week would be kind of a tough one on auto owners, but there are comparatively few of them there birds. And too, prices of machines are down low enough now that, who ever happens to lose their auto would be pretty narrow indeed, if they let out a squawk and tried to interfere with the proper celebration of a week of this kind.

Of course, you may think of a lot of other weeks, which would make good excuses for celebrations of various kinds. We would be glad to hear suggestions at any time.

MILITARY NOTES.

We understand that Charles B. Sax is trying to rent a general's uniform, which he can wear to the reception for the soldiers in the Studebaker administration building the evening of January 16th.

ANOTHER DANDY IDEA.

The superb article above of ours, which advocates more special weeks for the people of this country, also suggests another idea to us which could be adopted here with great profit to all concerned. You are all familiar with the custom of every once in a while setting apart 10 minutes, during which time we face west and think about some certain thing. One month, the American people are asked to face west for 10 minutes and think of Wilson. Another month, they are urged to face north and wonder if their coal pile is going to hold out.

Now our idea is this, for all the people of South Bend on some certain day real soon to face the west for 15 or 20 minutes and think about The News-Times circulation, which is NOT duplicated. Daily and Sunday, 20 cents the week!

Berton Braley's Daily Poem
Lightfoot Larry

Lightfoot Larry, restless lad,
Ran away from mother, ran away from dad,
Ran away from everything he had known.
And started 'round the world all by his lone!
Lightfoot Larry, restless kid,
Beat it for the distances, so he did.
Hit the open country and the deep sea track,
"I won't return," said Larry, "till I'm coming back."
Lightfoot Larry, restless chap,
Wandered all the countries that are on the map,
Shivered in the Arctic, sweltered on the line,
Fought and starved and suffered—and he liked it fine!
Lightfoot Larry, restless lad,
Came back home to his ma and dad,
All his worldly fortune was some 18 cents
With a million dollars in experience!
Lightfoot Larry, blithe and brown,
Sort of thought he'd marry and just settle down,
Now he's got a job—but he won't stay put,
Lightfoot Larry has an itching foot!
Lightfoot Larry, restless lad,
Is off once more for a world-wide gad,
With a little fool girl as his gypsy wife,
And won't he lead her just an awful life!
But when Larry calls—well, a girl must go
And I'm the girl, so I ought to know!
(Copyright, 1922.)



Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

SHOES.
I'll tell you it's a problem when a youngster's nine years old
To keep his feet in leather and to keep him heeled and soled;
Just about the time I fancy I've some money I can use,
His mother comes and tells me that he needs a pair of shoes.
Now I can wear a pair of shoes for half a month or more,
But Bud, it seems, is working for the man who keeps the store,
And the rascal seems to fancy that his duty is to show
How fast a healthy, rugged boy can wreck a leather toe.
But shoes are made for romping in,
For climbing and for fun,
For kicking bricks and empty cans,
And I am not the one
To make him walk sedately in the way that grown-ups do—
There's the trouble for that, I say,
When all his boyhood's through.
So let him wreck them, heels and toes,
And scuff their sples away,
I'll not begrudge the bill for shoes that I'm compelled to pay,
For I rejoice that it's my lot,
When mother breaks the news,
To have a healthy, roguish boy who's always needing shoes.
(Copyright, 1922.)

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

LOOKING BACKWARD.
A rich Westerner is going to buy a hat and make it invisible by feeding the players on monkey meat.
When athletes grow feeble and ailing
And their muscles get into bad shape,
And medicine proves unavailing,
They are fed on the meat of the ape.
And then they no longer are jaded;
They trot 'round the diamond with ease,
Being somewhat paternally aided
By their grandfathers up in the trees.
If results so astoundingly splendid
Can be gained by retracing the track
On which as a race we descended,
We had better go all the way back.
The ape lived a long time before us,
In forests, hot, misty and dim;
But the bony-winged ichthyosaurus
Lived quite a long time before him.
This beast was quite modern in features,
A product of aeons of time
Compared to the jelly-like creatures
That crawled in primordial slime.

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

—COME AND SEE US—

Store Open 8:30 to 5:30
Saturdays Close 9:00

Who wants or likes to be cold?



And what's the cause of it anyway when one can purchase warm underwear of just the weight suitable for every occasion?

Medium Weight Cotton Union Suits—

find most favor, especially such weather as we have been having—almost spring one minute and decidedly chill the next. There are many styles to select from—\$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.85, \$2.00 and \$2.15.

But If You Want Something Better—

you'll probably choose a medium weight Mercerized Union Suit which you can select in either flesh or white at \$2.00 and \$2.25.

Heavy Weight Wool Underwear

comes in grey and white in both union suits, at \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 and vests and pants at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.00.

Wool Underwear of Light Weight—

is usually selected if one is inclined to feel the cold more than most of the rest of us—or for wear if one spends considerable time in out of door sports—\$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

To Keep the Kiddies Hale and Hearty

they must be kept good and warm. And every boy and girl who plays out of doors during most of their play hours, as most children do, feel the need of good warm clothing



Fleece Lined Vests and Pants are 39c, 50c from 75c to \$1.45.

Fleece Lined Cests and Pants are 39c, 50c and 59c.

Wool Union Suits, Vests and Pants come in grey and white.

Tickets for the Reception for the World War Veterans on sale in the Jewelry Section, Main Entrance. Inquire for Miss LaFortune.

Coming,—Coming,—!

The advertisements in this paper today—and always,—are bids in a perpetual auction for your patronage

In this auction, you have all advantage. Instead of bidding against other buyers for that which you want or need, the most reputable and reliable merchants and manufacturers of the neighborhood and nation are bidding against each other for the money you have to spend.

Instead of the "Going,—Going,—Gone" of the auctioneer, these advertisements are COMING, COMING, COMING,—with offers to you.

You cannot afford to miss the advertisements in this, or any other paper, today or any other day. Often, they are valuable; always, they are interesting. They indicate where you can buy to your best advantage; what you can buy for your greater comfort and convenience.

Read the advertisements. For they contain the news you REALLY need.

DR. F. R. CARSON.

wishes to announce to his patients and friends that from this date, Jan. 1st, 1922, he will devote his entire attention to his DENTAL PRACTICE and can be found in his newly furnished and completely equipped offices at 125 W. WASHINGTON AV., first stairway east of J. M. E. Bldg. Telephone Main 849. Open Sunday morning by appointment. I wish you one and all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.
Respectfully,
F. R. CARSON, Dentist.

BULGARIAN BLOOD TEA

To cast the poisons from the system, clean up the kidneys and enrich the weak blood. You can feel 10 to 80 years younger. You can use Bulgarian Blood Tea. Sold by Druggists.
Marvel Products Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Cyclamen plants in bloom. South Bend Floral Company, 122 N. Michigan street. 351-17
16-oz. tin Tuxedo. \$1.35. Engle's. 358-17

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep
Mothers Rest
After Cuticura

Bag O'Charm. Talcom. St. Germain. Fragrance. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 2, Malden, Mass.
To really progress this year place your money where it will earn the most. The Building & Loan Assn., 124 S. Main st., pays 6% interest, compounded quarterly. 15-17